

ANDROOCLES & THE LION: Shaw Alphabet Edition

# ANDROOCLES + THE LION

*Printed in the Shaw Alphabet  
with a parallel transcription in  
traditional orthography*

BERNARD SHAW

Public Trustees' Edition



ANDROCLES AND THE LION

BERNARD SHAW

—

*The Shaw Alphabet Edition*

Q 29





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ANDROCLES AND THE LION

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# ANDROCLES AND THE LION

AN OLD FABLE RENOVATED

BY

BERNARD SHAW

—

WITH A PARALLEL TEXT IN

SHAW'S ALPHABET

TO BE READ IN CONJUNCTION

SHOWING ITS ECONOMIES

IN WRITING AND

READING

PENGUIN BOOKS



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K.B.E. M.P.

*in grateful acknowledgement of his  
unstinted co-operation and  
continuous support over a period  
of nine years in carrying out  
Bernard Shaw's wishes*

C. R. S.

PUBLIC TRUSTEE

—  
1962



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## FOREWORD

### BY THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE

BERNARD SHAW died on 2 November 1950 and his Will, by which he appointed the Public Trustee to be executor and trustee, contained provisions for a new 'Proposed British Alphabet', a subject in which he always had a great interest.

Shaw imposed on his trustee the duty of seeking and publishing a more efficient alphabet of at least forty letters than the existing one of twenty-six letters to enable 'the said language to be written without indicating single sounds by groups of letters or by diacritical marks'. The Public Trustee was also directed to

employ a phonetic expert to transliterate my play entitled *Androcles and the Lion* into the proposed British Alphabet assuming the pronunciation to resemble that recorded of His Majesty our late King George V and sometimes described as Northern English; to employ an artist calligrapher to copy the transliteration for reproduction by lithography, photography or any other method that may serve in the absence of printers' types; to advertise and publish the transliteration with the original Doctor Johnson's lettering opposite the transliteration page by page and a glossary of the two alphabets at the end and to present copies to public libraries in the British Isles, the British Commonwealth, the American States North and South and to national libraries everywhere in that order.

Shaw directed his trustee

to bear in mind that the proposed British Alphabet does not pretend to be exhaustive as it contains only sixteen vowels whereas by infinitesimal movements of the tongue countless different vowels can be produced all of them in use among speakers of English who utter the same vowels no oftener than they make the same fingerprints.



## FOREWORD

Shaw's residuary estate was directed to be held for a period on certain trusts for these purposes, but such purposes were declared by a Judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in England to be invalid in law. The Public Trustee appealed from this decision, and by way of compromise the British Museum, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and the National Gallery of Ireland (who in default of the alphabet provisions in the Will were entitled to the residuary estate) agreed to pay a certain sum to the Public Trustee to be applied in furtherance of the Alphabet trusts.

At the end of 1957 the Public Trustee let it be known that he would award a prize of £500 for the design of a new alphabet complying most nearly with the provisions of Shaw's Will.

In the course of 1958 about 450 designs were submitted from all parts of the world.

On New Year's Eve 1959 the Public Trustee announced that there did not appear to be one outstanding design which might with confidence be said to be as satisfactory as what might be achieved by further effort and that he was not prepared at that time to single out one as the new Alphabet to be adopted for the purposes of the Will. There were, however, four designers who were judged to be of such outstanding merit that the prize money of £500 was divided equally between them, thus closing the competition. Those four designers were Mrs Pauline M. Barrett (of Canada), Mr J. F. Magrath, Dr S. L. Pugmire, and Mr Kingsley Read.

The Public Trustee then asked an expert in this field to collaborate with one or all of the four designers mentioned above to produce the best possible alphabet as is envisaged by Shaw's Will. The result is the design which appears in the Key on page 151 and on the detachable

## FOREWORD

bookmark between pages 16 and 17 and which has been applied in this publication.

In authorizing the publication of this book the Public Trustee gratefully acknowledges the encouragement he has received from a large number of correspondents throughout the world but must single out for special mention the technical advice given by Mr Alan T. Dodson formerly of H.M. Stationery Office, and by Mr Peter MacCarthy of the Department of Phonetics at Leeds University, and to the latter he is also indebted for the transliteration now published. He also thanks all the very many designers, particularly Mrs Barrett, Mr Magrath, and Dr Pugmire, whose own designs and observations contributed so much to helping the Public Trustee to make a final choice. He is especially grateful, however, to Mr Kingsley Read, whose design has been adopted and to whose typographic artistry the transliteration in this book is its own tribute.

C. R. SOPWITH  
Public Trustee

Kingsway  
London WC 2  
1962



## INTRODUCTION TO SHAW'S ALPHABET

HERE is Shaw's alphabet. It has been proved that those who wish to read it can do so after only a few hours of concentrated deciphering.

Why should anyone wish to use it? And why should there be any departure from the familiar forms of the Roman alphabet in which English is printed and written?

You will notice from the comparisons that Shaw's alphabet is both more legible and one-third more economical in space than traditional printing, and this should lead to a great increase in reading speed. The characters themselves are very distinct. To prove them more legible, open the book and hold it upside down in front of a mirror. Both mirrored pages will thus become equally unfamiliar. Keep the back of the book pressed against your lips, and advance towards the mirror until you are able to see individual characters clearly enough to be able to copy them. Note that the Shaw characters are clearly seen at a greater distance.

The economy in space and greater simplicity of characters ought also to increase the speed and ease of *writing* – even more than it does the ease of reading. Many of the characters easily join into pairs and trios to form syllables which recur frequently in English words; the sounds of the language are completely characterized, thus permitting abbreviation with great reliability. Shaw found traditional script too laborious, and Pitman's shorthand too economical. Though at this time we can only guess, it is probable that an abbreviated handwriting speed of 60–100 words a minute, with complete reliability

## INTRODUCTION

of reading, will be possible for those who attain 'automatic' facility with Shaw's alphabet. In other words, reading may be 50–75 per cent, and writing 80–100 per cent faster, and even 200–300 per cent, by using simple abbreviations.

Shaw insisted that, unless his alphabet were to offer the substantial advantages he himself desired, there would be no reason for adding to the existing media of communication, which include: typewriting, shorthand, morse, semaphore, and braille, in addition to the Roman alphabet which is itself represented by three quite different sets of signs (as in 'ALPHABET', 'alphabet', and '*alphabet*').

The Key on page 151 (duplicated on the bookmark) will enable you to achieve the beginnings of skill and the satisfaction of success within three or four hours. Although this means starting from scratch, remember that Isaac Pitman, whose shorthand Shaw used for all his writings, also did so with a system offering the same advantages as Shaw's alphabet: that is, the saving of time, effort, and money.

Shaw did not want you and me to *abandon* the Roman alphabet. The long-established Roman figures (I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX) remain even after the Arabic figures (the newer and handier 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9) have found favour. We now use both, with greater convenience. The new figures were not imposed, nor the old supplanted. Similarly, Shaw believed, uses would be found for a new and handier alphabet *without* abandoning the old one.

If those who tried it found it advantageous, they would use it, and by their example it would gain what following it deserved. If its benefits were substantial enough, it would spread and establish itself through merit – as



Arabic numerals did despite the then complete satisfaction with Roman numerals.

Utilitarian advantage is thus the principle governing the new alphabet. Shaw was unique in pointing out that substantial economy could be attained only (a) if the designer were to *depart* from a system evolved by the Romans 2,000 years ago for carving their public notices in stone; (b) if a single set of alphabetical characters were used – abolishing the different look of words in capitals, small letters, and linked handwritten letters; and (c) if each distinct sound of the language were spelt with its own unvarying character.

These three factors in designing, taken together, made a non-Roman alphabet essential. Of course, there is nothing revolutionary in that. There are hundreds of non-Roman alphabets – and there are several variations within the Roman alphabet, e.g.

Roman variations	{ HERE IS A SENTENCE
	{ here is a sentence
	{ <i>here is a sentence</i>
Greek	ἡρ ις α σεντεϋς
Russian	ир ис а сентенс

Thus these four *English* words may already be represented in a number of existing alphabets.

Those who know Greek and English, Russian and English, etc., will have no difficulty in reading that sentence immediately in as many alphabets as they know – and it is considered at school that once a child has learned his A, B, C, D he is well placed to learn also his a, b, c, d, his *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, his α, β, γ, δ (Greek), and his а, б, в, г (Russian).

Only a few hours will be needed to persuade you that the new alphabet has the potential advantages Shaw

intended for it. At first you will read and write it in a plodding childlike way, as you once did Roman. Much more rapidly than a child's, your familiarity and ease will grow, until the use of Shaw's alphabet becomes as natural and automatic as your use of Roman – but faster.

In personal and intimate writing the forty-eight (40 + 8) characters of the Shaw alphabet may faithfully portray the pronunciation of the individual; but, as Shaw pointed out, too eccentric a dialect may hamper, and even destroy, effective communication. He considered that, though there was no need to standardize writing if not intended for publication, there was every need for conformity in print; standard spellings being particularly desirable when that print is intended for circulation throughout the English-speaking world.

In his Will, Shaw specified just such a standardization for this play. He laid down for it a 'pronunciation to resemble that recorded of His Majesty our late King George V and sometimes described as Northern English'. He was an expert in stage direction and, so it may be supposed, considered this pronunciation to be the best basis for comprehension with acceptability in reading as he had found it to be in speech from the stage.

But by all means *write* as you think fit, and leave experts to standardize printers' spelling.

This book costs very little. Get your friends to buy one and to learn the alphabet so that you can write to one another – or, if you become so skilled that you no longer need to 'keep your eye in', give it away.

JAMES PITMAN

House of Commons  
London  
1962



## INTRODUCTION

NOTE: I have offered, if there is the demand, to organize what were known as 'ever-circulators' in the early days of my grandfather. Send me a letter in Shaw's alphabet, mentioning your particular interests or circumstances. Give me your name and address in ordinary writing on an enclosed envelope. I will then try to arrange 'circles' of five or six who, drawn together in a friendship by Shaw's alphabet, will all circulate their own letters to which each in turn will add.

I have also offered, if there is a demand, to get further material published in the Shaw alphabet. When you have learnt to read and write fluently, and want more than your ever-circulator correspondence to read, please write to me, Sir James Pitman, K.B.E., M.P., at the House of Commons, London, S.W. 1, England, saying which of Shaw's works or other literature you would like to read in a printed transcription. I can make no promises – other than to consider your suggestions most sympathetically. Meanwhile, if anyone wishes to get printed their own material in Shaw's alphabet, they are permitted to do so, since the copyright for the alphabet and for the type-faces is public property. Messrs Stephen Austin & Sons, Ltd, of Caxton Hill, Ware Road, Hertford, England, hold a supply of the types and are willing to undertake the work. For the moment, type available is confined to 12-point size in the three founts exemplified in this book.

## TYPOGRAPHY AND READING KEY

THE orthodox version of the play appears on right-hand pages. On the left is a line-for-line equivalent in the Shaw Alphabet, which occupies one-third less space, though both versions are set in type of the same size.

Three styles of type are used – to distinguish between the dialogue words spoken ('Normal' style), the names of speakers ('Bold'), and the scattered stage directions ('Sloping').

As readers should first become accustomed to Normal type, this style is used for lengthy stage directions introducing the Prologue and each Act. The 'Shavian' text's stage directions are all placed within brackets [] irrespective of what is done with them in the orthodox text.

To help unpractised readers, many apostrophes omitted in the orthodox version are restored in this Shavian text; but any negative verb (dont, wouldnt etc) is transcribed without an apostrophe.

Emphasis is indicated by the use of bold type.

To convert letters into sounds, look for any Tall letter in the Reading Key's first line, for any Deep letter in the second line, for any Short letter in the lower lines. Only the last letter of all is a Tall-and-Short compound.

The reader will find the Key's top edge a handy guide from the line he is deciphering to its 'crib-line' opposite.

Notes on the spelling are given on page 143.



## ANDROCLES AND THE LION







אָפּן [דער אַרומן און עס איז שוין]  
און אַרומן שוין.

[illegible][illegible]

ጸጋጥሮሳጊ. ለሮ, ሆ, ለ ከ ለህ 1 ሄ ለገ?

ו [ל'ן קוץ מרנא מרען] פ לוחט] זרפתי  
 ש, ז, ד, מרדו עז ע' וסן ו, וסן חרע  
 פ וי מרען] פ קסע [ע' יז פ קרען ור  
 !סע! !סע! !סע! פ חרען פ חרען  
 פ וי וז [ע' !סע! חרען  
 [רען].

[illegible]

מקור. ו לא י 1 ידע' ( יד / יד )  
 שששש.

[illegible]

Երբոր. լսես հո! 7 Հոյ՛ ծով՛ն ալ ուրիշ.

1 W? 1 וּכְמִי שֶׁ יֵשֶׁה ד' אֶל הַיָּם?

ጸሐፊዎች: ሳይክስትስ ካርዲናል ደብረ ገብረ

MEGAERA [*suddenly throwing down her stick*] I wont  
go another step.

ANDROCLES [*pleading wearily*] Oh, not again, dear. What's the good of stopping every two miles and saying you won't go another step? We must get on to the next village before night. There are wild beasts in this wood: lions, they say.

MEGAERA. I dont believe a word of it. You are always threatening me with wild beasts to make me walk the very soul out of my body when I can hardly drag one foot before another. We havnt seen a single lion yet.

ANDROCLES. Well, dear, do you want to see one?

MEGAERA [*tearing the bundle from his back*] You cruel brute, you dont care how tired I am, or what becomes of me [*she throws the bundle on the ground*]: always thinking of yourself. Self! self! self! always yourself! [*She sits down on the bundle*].

ANDROCLES [*sitting down sadly on the ground with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands*]  
We all have to think of ourselves occasionally, dear.

MEGAERA. A man ought to think of his wife sometimes.

ANDROCLES. He cant always help it, dear. You make me think of you a good deal. Not that I blame you.

MEGAERA. Blame me! I should think not indeed.

Is it my fault that I'm married to you?

ANDROCLES. No, dear: that is my fault.



לפני. קודם ו לפני 1 ש 1 מ. וא  
א ו לפני מ?

ԴՆԻՐԸԿԶ. 7 ԽՈՒՆ ԸՆՏԻՄ, 57 ԵՐ.

Արժու. և ըստ 1 (4) հոդով (հոմալ).

לְכָרְכֵּךְ. 7 מ, מ7 יו.

לפני. ו'ח ו'ח: ו'ח ו'ח ו'ח.

ԽխրճԿՀ. և /Ո՛, ԷճՈՒՃ?

[illegible]

Ἀποστόλος. Ὡς, ἡ τοῦ ἁγίου πνεύματος.

מאן דא וואס האט ער געזאגט? און וואס האט ער געזאגט?

Երբ ինչ-որ բան ասում եմ, ինչ-որ բան ասում եմ, ինչ-որ բան ասում եմ:

[illegible]

Երկրորդ. թիվ 1 և 2-րդ, թիվ 3 և 4-րդ  
օրվա.

ԲՆԹՐ. ԲԵ, ԻՂՎ ԲՅՂ Բ ՏԵՐ ԾԻՋ, ՕՒՇԻ ԴՒ

MEGAERA. Thats a nice thing to say to me. Arnt  
you happy with me?

ANDROCLÈS. I dont complain, my love.

MEGAERA. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

ANDROCLES. I am, my dear.

MEGAERA. Youre not: you glory in it.

ANDROCLES. In what, darling?

MEGAERA. In everything. In making me a slave, and making yourself a laughing-stock. It's not fair. You get me the name of being a shrew with your meek ways, always talking as if butter wouldnt melt in your mouth. And just because I look a big strong woman, and because I'm goodhearted and a bit hasty, and because youre always driving me to do things I'm sorry for afterwards, people say 'Poor man: what a life his wife leads him!' Oh, if they only knew! And you think I dont know. But I do, I do, [*screaming*] I do.

ANDROCLES. Yes, my dear: I know you do.

MEGAERA. Then why dont you treat me properly  
and be a good husband to me?

ANDROCLES. What can I do, my dear?

MEGAERA. What can you do! You can return to your duty, and come back to your home and your friends, and sacrifice to the gods as all respectable people do, instead of having us hunted out of house and home for being dirty disreputable blaspheming atheists.

ANDROCLES. I'm not an atheist, dear: I am a  
Christian.

MEGAERA. Well, isnt that the same thing, only ten



אנדראס. וואס? וואס וואס? וואס וואס?  
אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?

אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?  
אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?

אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?  
אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?

אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?  
אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?  
אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?  
אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?

אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?  
אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?

אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?  
אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?

אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?  
אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?

אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?  
אנדראס. וואס וואס? וואס וואס?

times worse? Everybody knows that the Christians are the very lowest of the low.

ANDROCLES. Just like us, dear.

MEGAERA. Speak for yourself. Dont you dare to compare me to common people. My father owned his own public-house; and sorrowful was the day for me when you first came drinking in our bar.

ANDROCLES. I confess I was addicted to it, dear. But I gave it up when I became a Christian.

MEGAERA. Youd much better have remained a drunkard. I can forgive a man being addicted to drink: it's only natural; and I dont deny I like a drop myself sometimes. What I cant stand is your being addicted to Christianity. And whats worse again, your being addicted to animals. How is any woman to keep her house clean when you bring in every stray cat and lost cur and lame duck in the whole countryside? You took the bread out of my mouth to feed them: you know you did: dont attempt to deny it.

ANDROCLES. Only when they were hungry and you were getting too stout, dearie.

MEGAERA. Yes: insult me, do. [*Rising*] Oh! I wont bear it another moment. You used to sit and talk to those dumb brute beasts for hours, when you hadnt a word for me.

ANDROCLES. They never answered back, darling. [*He rises and again shoulders the bundle*].

MEGAERA. Well, if youre fonder of animals than of your own wife, you can live with them here in the







[illegible]

ANDROCLES [*whispering*] Did you see? A lion.  
MEGAERA [*despairing*] The gods have sent him to punish us because you're a Christian. Take me away, Andy. Save me.  
ANDROCLES [*rising*] Meggy: there's one chance for you. It'll take him pretty nigh twenty minutes to eat me (I'm rather stringy and tough) and you can escape in less time than that.  
MEGAERA. Oh, don't talk about eating. [*The lion rises with a great groan and limps towards them*]. Oh! [*She faints*].  
ANDROCLES [*quaking, but keeping between the lion and Megaera*] Don't you come near my wife, do you hear? [*The lion groans. Androcles can hardly stand for trembling*]. Meggy: run. Run for your life. If I take my eye off him, it's all up. [*The lion holds up his wounded paw and flaps it piteously before Androcles*]. Oh, he's lame, poor old chap! He's got a thorn in his paw. A frightfully big thorn. [*Full of sympathy*] Oh, poor old man! Did um get an awful thorn into um's tootsums wootsums? Has it made um too sick to eat a nice little Christian man for um's breakfast? Oh, a nice little Christian man will get um's thorn out for um; and then um shall eat the nice Christian man and the nice Christian man's nice big tender wifey pifey. [*The lion responds by moans of self-pity*]. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Now, now [*taking the paw in his hand*], um is not to bite and not to scratch, not even if it hurts a very very little. Now make velvet paws. That's right. [*He pulls gingerly at the thorn. The*







ԵՐԵՎԱՆԻ ՆԱԽԱՐԱՐՈՒԹՅԱՆ ԿԵՆՏՐՈՆ

וּמַעַב וּמִשְׁמַחֲלוֹנֵי לֵבָא, וְזֶה הַזֶּה  
[אַתָּה לֵבָא, וְזֶה הַזֶּה].

[illegible]

## ANDROCLES AND THE LION

*his arm, and the two waltz rapturously round and round and finally away through the jungle].*

MEGAERA [*who has revived during the waltz*]  
Oh, you coward, you havnt danced with me for years; and now you go off dancing with a great brute beast that you havnt known for ten minutes and that wants to eat your own wife. Coward. Coward! Coward! [*She rushes off after them into the jungle*].



מסכי 1 קנסק לוקטשני ינד פ ויל פ [לוקטשני].  
 זענען דא פון מיר גרעסערע ארומגעבן ינד  
 אגדע דעם לעבן. און פון א פארט פון א  
 פון דעם לעבן פון א פארט פון א פארט פון א  
 פון דעם לעבן פון א פארט פון א פארט פון א  
 פון דעם לעבן פון א פארט פון א פארט פון א  
 פון דעם לעבן פון א פארט פון א פארט פון א

און דעם לעבן פון א פארט פון א פארט פון א  
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*Evening. The end of three converging roads to Rome. Three triumphal arches span them where they debouch on a square at the gate of the city. Looking north through the arches one can see the campagna threaded by the three long dusty tracks. On the east and west sides of the square are long stone benches. An old beggar sits on the east side, his bowl at his feet.*

*Through the eastern arch a squad of Roman soldiers tramps along escorting a batch of Christian prisoners of both sexes and all ages, among them one Lavinia, a good-looking resolute young woman, apparently of higher social standing than her fellow-prisoners. A centurion, carrying his vinewood cudgel, trudges alongside the squad, on its right, in command of it. All are tired and dusty; but the soldiers are dogged and indifferent, the Christians lighthearted and determined to treat their hardships as a joke and encourage one another.*

*A bugle is heard far behind on the road, where the rest of the cohort is following.*

CENTURION [stopping] Halt! Orders from the Captain. [They halt and wait]. Now then, you Christians, none of your larks. The captain's coming. Mind you behave yourselves. No singing. Look respectful. Look serious, if you're capable of it. See that big building over there! That's the Coliseum. That's where you'll be thrown to the lions or set to fight the gladiators presently. Think of that; and it'll help you to behave properly before























[illegible]

ՏԱՂԱՎՈՐԱ. ԿՏ, ՏԾ.

א פ קוץ לר קסכס יע]. זוטאן. רחולת פ  
אט פ. זטל קוץ רחל קטאן ו, זאמל  
א פל קמולר ו או לאמאק זאט רומא  
רחולאכע פ. קי א וטאט וט קוץ זאכר, וט  
א זאכ, פאלס פ א זאט זאט פ א זא אט  
א זאט א זאטאט קאטאט זאטאט. זאט  
א רחולת פ].

Երևան: Դր ԲՆ ԶԱ ԴՆ 1 ԶԶ Զ Զ  
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Թ ՇՆՈՐԱ. ԱՏ. Դ Ե ԴՆԵ ԴՆԵ ԴՆԵ ԴՆԵ  
 ՏԵՆԵԹ Դ Ն ԱՆՈՐԱՆ Ե Թ ՈՐԱՆ Դ Դ ՆԵ  
 ԼՎ. ՇՏՈ ԴՆԵ ԴՆԵ ՏԵՆԵ ՆԵ. ԱՆ Դ ՆԵ  
 ՇՈՐԱ, ՈՐ ՆԵ ԴՆ.

[illegible]

Ք ճոխ [ճօժ/ժ] 7 Ը Ե Ն Ե ծ Ե Ն Ն  
ճԵՏ, ԵԵԵԵԵ.

ערוך [זו זי ליגט] דע קערן פון א,  
עלול!

[illegible]

armor named Ferrovius, of dangerous character and great personal strength, and a Greek tailor reputed to be a sorcerer, by name Androcles. You will add the three to your charge here and march them all to the Coliseum, where you will deliver them into the custody of the master of the gladiators and take his receipt, countersigned by the keeper of the beasts and the acting manager. You understand your instructions?

CENTURION. Yes, sir.

THE CAPTAIN. Dismiss. [*He throws off his air of parade, and descends from his perch. The Centurion seats himself on it and prepares for a nap, whilst his men stand at ease. The Christians sit down on the west side of the square, glad to rest. Lavinia alone remains standing to speak to the Captain*].

LAVINIA. Captain: is this man who is to join us the famous Ferrovius, who has made such wonderful conversions in the northern cities?

THE CAPTAIN. Yes. We are warned that he has the strength of an elephant and the temper of a mad bull. Also that he is stark mad. Not a model Christian, it would seem.

LAVINIA. You need not fear him if he is a Christian, Captain.

THE CAPTAIN [*coldly*] I shall not fear him in any case, Lavinia.

LAVINIA [*her eyes dancing*] How brave of you,  
Captain!

THE CAPTAIN. You are right: it was a silly thing to



סע. [In a lower tone, humane and urgent] Lavinia:  
 האבן איר נישט געקענט ווי צו ליבן?  
 LAVINIA [composedly] נא, אדאם: עס איז נישט  
 קיין ענין.  
 דער קעניג. ווי אזוי?  
 LAVINIA. Very easy, Captain, when their enemies  
 are as handsome as you.  
 דער קעניג. אדאם: איר שמוצט מיין.  
 LAVINIA. At you, Captain! Impossible.  
 דער קעניג. דאס איז נישט א שוין גוטע  
 אידעע, אדאם.  
 LAVINIA. But such a very handsome captain.  
 דער קעניג. Incorrigible! [Urgently] Listen to  
 me. The men in that audience tomorrow will be  
 the vilest of voluptuaries: men in whom the only  
 passion excited by a beautiful woman is a lust to  
 see her tortured and torn shrieking limb from  
 limb. It is a crime to gratify that passion. It is  
 offering yourself for violation by the whole rabble  
 of the streets and the riff-raff of the court at the  
 same time. Why will you not choose rather a  
 kindly love and an honorable alliance?  
 LAVINIA. They cannot violate my soul. I alone can  
 do that by sacrificing to false gods.  
 דער קעניג. Sacrifice then to the true God.  
 What does his name matter? We call him Jupiter.  
 The Greeks call him Zeus. Call him what you  
 will as you drop the incense on the altar flame;  
 He will understand.  
 LAVINIA. No. I couldnt. That is the strange thing,  
 Captain, that a little pinch of incense should  
 make all that difference. Religion is such a great

say. [In a lower tone, humane and urgent] Lavinia:  
 do Christians know how to love?  
 LAVINIA [composedly] Yes, Captain: they love even  
 their enemies.  
 THE CAPTAIN. Is that easy?  
 LAVINIA. Very easy, Captain, when their enemies  
 are as handsome as you.  
 THE CAPTAIN. Lavinia: you are laughing at me.  
 LAVINIA. At you, Captain! Impossible.  
 THE CAPTAIN. Then you are flirting with me,  
 which is worse. Dont be foolish.  
 LAVINIA. But such a very handsome captain.  
 THE CAPTAIN. Incorrigible! [Urgently] Listen to  
 me. The men in that audience tomorrow will be  
 the vilest of voluptuaries: men in whom the only  
 passion excited by a beautiful woman is a lust to  
 see her tortured and torn shrieking limb from  
 limb. It is a crime to gratify that passion. It is  
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 Captain, that a little pinch of incense should  
 make all that difference. Religion is such a great







[illegible][illegible]

ԵՐԲԱՐ. Ա՛՛՛՛՛ ԿԻՐ ԵՆՏ ԵՒՃ?

զ ճոխւ. ԿԿՏ Ի շԵ ԵԿԵ լԿԸ.

מִן הַיָּם וְהַיָּבֵשׁ וְהַיָּם וְהַיָּבֵשׁ וְהַיָּם וְהַיָּבֵשׁ  
וְהַיָּם וְהַיָּבֵשׁ וְהַיָּם וְהַיָּבֵשׁ וְהַיָּם וְהַיָּבֵשׁ

የ ሐዘቢ. ነጭ, ለ ሥራ.

צור צור [שורר] ואל! א דא וו דנד  
נד!

[illegible][illegible]

q dñlñ. d h n /r s h; [71 /r ññ  
 n ññ [ /r'ññ.

ԵՐԽՈՐ. Տղամեջ Տիպշ, Կի՛ր ո՞ր տղա լսե՛ս  
 Ի՛ր Ե՞տե՛ր հօգշո՞ւ?

[illegible]

altar fire, my hand would come back. My body would be true to my faith even if you could corrupt my mind. And all the time I should believe more in Diana than my persecutors have ever believed in anything. Can you understand that?

THE CAPTAIN [*simply*] Yes; I understand that. But my hand would not come back. The hand that holds the sword has been trained not to come back from anything but victory.

LAVINIA. Not even from death?

THE CAPTAIN. Least of all from death.

LAVINIA. Then I must not come back from death  
either. A woman has to be braver than a soldier.

THE CAPTAIN. Prouder, you mean.

LAVINIA [*startled*] Prouder! You call our courage  
pride!

THE CAPTAIN. There is no such thing as courage: there is only pride. You Christians are the proudest devils on earth.

LAVINIA [*hurt*] Pray God then my pride may never become a false pride. [*She turns away as if she did not wish to continue the conversation, but softens and says to him with a smile*] Thank you for trying to save me.

THE CAPTAIN. I knew it was no use; but one tries  
in spite of one's knowledge.

LAVINIA. Something stirs, even in the iron breast  
of a Roman soldier?

THE CAPTAIN. I will soon be iron again. I have seen many women die, and forgotten them in a week.











סחול'ו, גזע'נאָט, לאַרסאָט: געמזקונ  
 ח תא אומאד, אלאמאז, קו לארסאָט.  
 קד, לומאד, גאנאדא נאָט, לנד, אדל, ק  
 ויל, פ קוואיאןאדא גאָט תא: אלא אדא, ו  
 קו סחול'ו. לאַרסאָט, קעט, ק 1 לאַרסאָט  
 ונק תא לומאד-אדא, א לאַרסאָט, ק  
 לאַרסאָט, קו גזע'נאָט. ונק, ק 1 לאַרסאָט  
 אדא, קו קעט קעט לאַרסאָט, קו, לאַרסאָט  
 [לאַרסאָט].

על קטן שזר פ' חסד [מורפיה: 1] רוממלאל  
 So דא ו' אג' אפוסמל' ק' ו'ן ארא' א'ס  
 וואלמאדעס זע ו'קטל אפוסמל'. [א'ל' א'ז  
 ח' מקלמל אל' ק'ז ל' ג'סע רוממלאל  
 א'ל' א' ח' ו' א'ס ח'מ' א' [א'מ' א' [א'מ' א'  
 א'ז' ע' ו'ק' ו'ט' א' ו'ק' ו' א' ו' א'  
 ו'א'פוסמל' א'ל'א'פוסמל' א'סמל' א'פוסמל'.  
 ח' ו'ד' א' א' א' א'ל'א'מ' ו'כ' א'ן א'ק'א'  
 ;מ'ל' א'ל'א' ח' א'ק'א' ק'ז א'ל'א' ;א'ל'א'  
 א' א' א' א' [ק'ז ק'ז ו' א'ל'א' א'סמ' ו'  
 א'ל'א'מ' [א'ל'א'מ' א'ל' א' א' א' ח'א' א'  
 א' א' ו' א'ל'א' ק'ז א' א'ז' א' א'ז'א'ק'א'  
 א' א' ק' [א'ל'א'מ' א'ל'א'מ' א' א'מ' א' ח'א'  
 א' א'ן א'ק'א' א' א' א' א' א' א' א' א' א'  
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 א' A'

*prisoners: Ferrovius, Androcles, and Spintho. Ferrovius is a powerful, choleric man in the prime of life, with large nostrils, staring eyes, and a thick neck: a man whose sensibilities are keen and violent to the verge of madness. Spintho is a debauchee, the wreck of a good-looking man gone hopelessly to the bad. Androcles is overwhelmed with grief, and is restraining his tears with great difficulty].*

CENTURION [*to Lavinia*] Here are some pals for you. This little bit is Ferrovius that you talk so much about. [*Ferrovius turns on him threateningly. The Centurion holds up his left forefinger in admonition*]. Now remember that you're a Christian, and that you've got to return good for evil. [*Ferrovius controls himself convulsively; moves away from temptation to the east side near Lentulus; clasps his hands in silent prayer; and throws himself on his knees*]. That's the way to manage them, eh! This fine fellow [*indicating Androcles, who comes to his left, and makes Lavinia a heart-broken salutation*] is a sorcerer. A Greek tailor, he is. A real sorcerer, too; no mistake about it. The tenth marches with a leopard at the head of the column. He made a pet of the leopard; and now he's crying at being parted from it. [*Androcles sniffs lamentably*]. Aint you, old chap? Well, cheer up, we march with a Billy goat [*Androcles brightens up*] that's killed two leopards and ate a turkey-cock. You can have him for a pet if you like. [*Androcles, quite consoled, goes past the Centurion to Lavinia,*







[illegible][illegible]

ԱՆՎԵՐՏ [ԴԿԶԻՄ] ԵՐ-ՔՄԷ ԿԻՍԷ. [ՃԿ ԴԶԶ  
1 ՏԿ ԵԿ].

[illegible]

*interfere; but Lavinia holds him down, watching Ferrovius intently. Ferrovius, without flinching, turns the other cheek. Lentulus, rather out of countenance, titters foolishly, and strikes him again feebly*]. You know, I should feel ashamed if I let myself be struck like that, and took it lying down. But then I'm not a Christian: I'm a man. [*Ferrovius rises impressively and towers over him. Lentulus becomes white with terror; and a shade of green flickers in his cheek for a moment*].

FERROVIUS [*with the calm of a steam hammer*] I have not always been faithful. The first man who struck me as you have just struck me was a stronger man than you: he hit me harder than I expected. I was tempted and fell; and it was then that I first tasted bitter shame. I never had a happy moment after that until I had knelt and asked his forgiveness by his bedside in the hospital. [*Putting his hands on Lentulus's shoulders with paternal weight*]. But now I have learnt to resist with a strength that is not my own. I am not ashamed now, nor angry.

LENTULUS [*uneasily*] Er – good evening. [*He tries to move away*].

FERROVIUS [*gripping his shoulders*] Oh, do not harden your heart, young man. Come: try for yourself whether our way is not better than yours. I will now strike you on one cheek; and you will turn the other and learn how much better you will feel than if you gave way to the



און ער האט אים געזאגט: [He holds him with one hand and clenches the other fist].

לענטולוס. צענטוריון: איך רופען אים צו שטעלן זיך פאר מיר.

צענטוריון. איר האט געזאגט, שוין. עס איז נישט אונזרע זאכן. איר האט אים געזלאגן. עס איז איר גוט צו זעהן אז ער האט אים געזלאגן.

לענטולוס. און, ער האט. [To Ferrovius] ער איז נאר א ביסל שפאס, איך זאגן איר: איך מיינט נישט שטעלן אים. [He proffers a gold coin].

פעררוויוס [taking it and throwing it to the old beggar, who snatches it up eagerly, and hobbles off to spend it] געבט איר אלעמאל צו דעם ארמען. קומט, פריינד: מוחזק! איך מיינט שטעלן איר קערפער פאר א מעמענט; איר זאל זיך פארנומען אין דעם געווינען פאר דעם קערפער. [He prepares to strike].

אנדרוקלס. עס איז, פעררוויוס, עס איז: איר האט געבראכן דעם לעצטן מאנש'ס קיין.

[Lentulus, with a moan of terror, attempts to fly; but Ferrovius holds him ruthlessly].

פעררוויוס. און; איר האט געווינען זיין זאל. וואס פאר א שטעלע האט איר געווינען?

לענטולוס. וואס? איר האט געזאגט, דאס איז -

פעררוויוס. ער וויל אים שטעלן צו דעם לעצטן מאנש; איר האט געזאגט, איר ווילט אים שטעלן? איר ווילט אים שטעלן? איר ווילט אים שטעלן?

לענטולוס. איר ווילט אים שטעלן. איר ווילט אים שטעלן.

פעררוויוס. איר ווילט אים שטעלן, איר ווילט אים שטעלן.

promptings of anger. [He holds him with one hand and clenches the other fist].

LENTULUS. Centurion: I call on you to protect me.

CENTURION. You asked for it, sir. It's no business of ours. Youve had two whacks at him. Better pay him a trifle and square it that way.

LENTULUS. Yes, of course. [To Ferrovius] It was only a bit of fun, I assure you: I meant no harm. Here. [He proffers a gold coin].

FERROVIUS [taking it and throwing it to the old beggar, who snatches it up eagerly, and hobbles off to spend it] Give all thou hast to the poor. Come, friend: courage! I may hurt your body for a moment; but your soul will rejoice in the victory of the spirit over the flesh. [He prepares to strike].

ANDROCLES. Easy, Ferrovius, easy: you broke the last man's jaw.

*Lentulus, with a moan of terror, attempts to fly; but Ferrovius holds him ruthlessly.*

FERROVIUS. Yes; but I saved his soul. What matters a broken jaw?

LENTULUS. Dont touch me, do you hear? The law -

FERROVIUS. The law will throw me to the lions tomorrow; what worse could it do were I to slay you? Pray for strength; and it shall be given to you.

LENTULUS. Let me go. Your religion forbids you to strike me.

FERROVIUS. On the contrary, it commands me to







ווי און ער וועט זיין. און ער וועט זיין.  
[און ער וועט זיין].

אנדרוקלס. און ער וועט זיין. און ער וועט זיין.  
און ער וועט זיין. און ער וועט זיין.

אנדרוקלס [ווי און ער וועט זיין].  
און ער וועט זיין. און ער וועט זיין.  
און ער וועט זיין. און ער וועט זיין.

אנדרוקלס [ווי און ער וועט זיין].  
און ער וועט זיין. און ער וועט זיין.

[און ער וועט זיין].  
און ער וועט זיין. און ער וועט זיין.  
און ער וועט זיין. און ער וועט זיין.

אנדרוקלס [ווי און ער וועט זיין].  
און ער וועט זיין. און ער וועט זיין.

אנדרוקלס. און ער וועט זיין. און ער וועט זיין.  
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אנדרוקלס [ווי און ער וועט זיין].  
און ער וועט זיין. און ער וועט זיין.

אנדרוקלס. און ער וועט זיין. און ער וועט זיין.  
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און ער וועט זיין. און ער וועט זיין.

about to follow when Ferrovius lays his hand on  
his shoulder].

FERROVIUS. You are his friend, young man. You  
will see that he is taken safely home.

METELLUS [with awestruck civility] Certainly, sir.  
I shall do whatever you think best. Most happy  
to have made your acquaintance, I'm sure. You  
may depend on me. Good evening, sir.

FERROVIUS [with unction] The blessing of heaven  
upon you and him.

Metellus follows Lentulus. The Centurion  
returns to his seat to resume his interrupted  
nap. The deepest awe has settled on the spec-  
tators. Ferrovius, with a long sigh of happiness,  
goes to Lavinia, and offers her his hand.

LAVINIA [taking it] So that is how you convert  
people, Ferrovius.

FERROVIUS. Yes: there has been a blessing on  
my work in spite of my unworthiness and my  
backslidings – all through my wicked, devilish  
temper. This man –

ANDROCLES [hastily] Dont slap me on the back,  
brother. She knows you mean me.

FERROVIUS. How I wish I were weak like our  
brother here! for then I should perhaps be meek  
and gentle like him. And yet there seems to be a  
special providence that makes my trials less than  
his. I hear tales of the crowd scoffing and casting  
stones and reviling the brethren; but when I come,  
all this stops: my influence calms the passions of  
the mob: they listen to me in silence; and infidels  
are often converted by a straight heart-to-heart



[illegible]

כרפול. קיבץ לו? או קיבץ?

מלכות וזו היא ה' וזו היא ה'.

[illegible]

$\delta\omega \lesssim \delta\tau$  and  $\delta\omega \gtrsim \delta\tau$  and  $\rho_{\text{eff}} \approx \mu_0^2 v^2 / 4$ .]

Երևան. ԲԿ, և ՏԿ, ՏԻՏԻՈ, ծի'չ ԿԿՈ Ը/Դ1

ՀԱՌ Ի ՃԻՏԱԸ]. ՏՐԻՈՂ ՄԻ Ք ՀՏՏԻ ՏՕՏԱԿ ՈՒ

የ ጥላላ, /ወ የ ገጠላዎች የባ 1 ገገ ጽፊ,

770 1 95 771 1 55 772 1 65 773 1 85,

Ճիշդ է, որ Լուսինը չի երևում միայն Երեւանում, այլ ամբողջ Հայաստանում:

ԵՐԲՈՒՐ. ՔՅՂ ՄԵ ԼԿ ՏՆԱԿԻԼ.

א! [מנוח א דלולולול] סוסכא

ԽլարճԿշ. օ, ՏԻՏԻՈ!

לכאן. נעלמה 1 חבטת פגיון, עד

•ክብር! ስጦታዬ 1 ገደብ ርገድ ላይ ሲሆን

לְחַפְּזֵךְ אֶת הַיָּדָאֵךְ לְחַפְּזֵךְ! מִיָּדָאֵךְ:

1878. [1878] 1878. [1878] 1878. [1878]

[illegible]

$d\alpha/dt = 1/\alpha$ ].

ԵՐԲՈՒՐ [ɛʁbʊʁ] և ո, փափուկ, 7 յ ու

ՀԵ/ԵՂ Ի ԺՈՏՈՐԱ. 7 ԵՐԱՅ ԺԻՋԸ ԼԱՂՆԻ Դ.

רוב נוסריאן לא תתקבל על ידינו,

575018 6752 41 6/71 12000, 22 11

III թւ.

Σημδο. Α1 172 η1 110? η 11 17 11 9

ጥላላ, ሆኖ ሁሉንም ጥገና ያገኛል፤ ሌላው ጥገናውን ያገኛል

ፅሁፊ, እና ሥነ ሥነ ፅሁፊ ፈጣሪ ፈጣሪ

So, ի՞նչ ու, յաօրհն?

מכאן נראה, כי יש להבחין בין שני סוגי פירוש:

44.

talk with me. Every day I feel happier, more confident. Every day lightens the load of the great terror.

LAVINIA. The great terror? What is that?

*Ferrovius shakes his head and does not answer.*

*He sits down beside her on her left, and buries his face in his hands in gloomy meditation.*

ANDROCLES. Well, you see, sister, he's never quite sure of himself. Suppose at the last moment in the arena, with the gladiators there to fight him, one of them was to say anything to annoy him, he might forget himself and lay that gladiator out.

LAVINIA. That would be splendid.

FERROVIUS [*springing up in horror*] What!

ANDROCLE. Oh, sister!

FERROVIUS. Splendid to betray my master, like Peter! Splendid to act like any common blackguard in the day of my proving! Woman: you are no Christian. [*He moves away from her to the middle of the square, as if her neighborhood contaminated him*].

LAVINIA [*laughing*] You know, Ferrovius, I am not always a Christian. I dont think anybody is. There are moments when I forget all about it, and something comes out quite naturally, as it did then.

SPINTHO. What does it matter? If you die in the arena, you'll be a martyr; and all martyrs go to heaven, no matter what they have done. That's so, isn't it, Ferrovius?

FERROVIUS. Yes: that is so, if we are faithful to the end.



CRS/MR. 7's and 50 CVD.

סינדרו. לואי דע קא. קאדס (אס)אמ. לואי  
 דע קא, א תע נ. /4 אע /4 דע/4, אא אאא  
 /א1 /4 /א.

[illegible]

ՏԽԹՕ. Կ'ո իճիւտ տաճ, ԽԽԹ. Դ ԽԵ  
Կ, ԽԽԹԹԽԽ ԽԽ ԽԽԽԽ.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

LAVINIA. I'm not so sure.

SPINTHO. Dont say that. Thats blasphemy. Dont say that, I tell you. We shall be saved, no matter what we do.

LAVINIA. Perhaps you men will all go into heaven bravely and in triumph, with your heads erect and golden trumpets sounding for you. But I am sure, I shall only be allowed to squeeze myself in through a little crack in the gate after a great deal of begging. I am not good always: I have moments only.

SPINTHO. You're talking nonsense, woman. I tell you, martyrdom pays all scores.

ANDROCLES. Well, let us hope so, brother, for your sake. Youve had a gay time, havnt you? with your raids on the temples. I cant help thinking that heaven will be very dull for a man of your temperament. [*Spintho snarls*]. Dont be angry: I say it only to console you in case you should die in your bed tonight in the natural way. There's a lot of plague about.

SPINTHO [*rising and running about in abject terror*]  
I never thought of that. Oh Lord, spare me to be  
martyred. Oh, what a thought to put into the  
mind of a brother! Oh, let me be martyred today,  
now. I shall die in the night and go to hell. You're  
a sorcerer: you've put death into my mind. Oh,  
curse you, curse you! [*He tries to seize Androcles  
by the throat*].

FERROVIUS [*holding him in a grasp of iron*] What's this, brother? Anger! Violence! Raising your hand to a brother Christian!







פֿערוויוס. דאס איז נישט אזוי געזאגט.  
אנדוקלס [anxiously protesting] א, גאט, נישט,  
דאס איז נישט אזוי געזאגט. דאס איז נישט  
אזוי געזאגט. דאס איז נישט אזוי געזאגט.  
דאס איז נישט אזוי געזאגט. דאס איז נישט  
אזוי געזאגט. דאס איז נישט אזוי געזאגט.

פֿערוויוס. דאס איז נישט אזוי געזאגט.  
אנדוקלס. דאס איז נישט אזוי געזאגט.

ספֿינאָ [who has picked himself up and is sneaking  
past Ferrovius on his left, sneers derisively]!!

פֿערוויוס [turning on him fiercely] Whats that  
you say?

ספֿינאָ [cowering] Nothing.

פֿערוויוס [clenching his fist] Do animals go to  
heaven or not?

ספֿינאָ. I never said they didnt.

פֿערוויוס [implacable] Do they or do they not?

ספֿינאָ. They do: they do. [Scrambling out of  
Ferrovius's reach]. Oh, curse you for frightening  
me!

[A bugle call is heard.]

צענטוריון [waking up] Tention! Form as before.

Now then, prisoners: up with you and trot along  
spry. [The soldiers fall in. The Christians rise].

A man with an ox goad comes running through  
the central arch.

THE OX DRIVER. Here, you soldiers! clear out of  
the way for the Emperor.

CENTURION. Emperor! Where's the Emperor?

You aint the Emperor, are you?

THE OX DRIVER. It's the menagerie service. My

פֿערוויוס. דאס איז נישט אזוי געזאגט.

אנדוקלס. דאס איז נישט אזוי געזאגט.

ספֿינאָ [who has picked himself up and is sneaking  
past Ferrovius on his left, sneers derisively]!!

פֿערוויוס [turning on him fiercely] Whats that  
you say?

FERROVIUS. I only meant that they have no souls.

ANDROCLES [anxiously protesting] Oh, believe me,  
they have. Just the same as you and me. I really  
dont think I could consent to go to heaven if  
I thought there were to be no animals there.  
Think of what they suffer here.

FERROVIUS. Thats true. Yes: that is just. They  
will have their share in heaven.

SPINTHO [who has picked himself up and is sneaking  
past Ferrovius on his left, sneers derisively]!!

FERROVIUS [turning on him fiercely] Whats that  
you say?

SPINTHO [cowering] Nothing.

FERROVIUS [clenching his fist] Do animals go to  
heaven or not?

SPINTHO. I never said they didnt.

FERROVIUS [implacable] Do they or do they not?

SPINTHO. They do: they do. [Scrambling out of  
Ferrovius's reach]. Oh, curse you for frightening  
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A man with an ox goad comes running through  
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THE OX DRIVER. Here, you soldiers! clear out of  
the way for the Emperor.

CENTURION. Emperor! Where's the Emperor?

You aint the Emperor, are you?

THE OX DRIVER. It's the menagerie service. My



1. ארץ ישראל היא ארץ חקלאית.  
היא עשירה במוצרי חקלאות.

**ՏԱՆՎՈՐԱ.** Դ! թո՛ւ յ՛մո՛ւ Կ ո՛ւ Կո՛ւ լԷ՛ՏԻ,  
 /ու յ՛Տ/ Թ ի՛նչ յ՛ Թ յ՛Է՛Չ / Կ ո՛ւ Կո՛ւ  
 Է՛ՐԱ! Ե՛Ր Է՛ԸԸ. /Կ թո՛ւ յ՛ՏԻ.

[illegible][illegible]

ערפון [פול] דער, פון און פון  
 און. דער און פון און.

ԼՂԲՈ ՇԻՏՈՐԱ [cs/ի] 7 ԸԸ [4 զ  
ՏՏ).

ἄ7ῥῶ. 7 ὡς ἡ ῥ ἡ ἰ.

12780. • 1200000 120 12 000000 120.

ד: ווא, ווא. דאס ק שט ד [ווארען] שפאט  
ווארען! דאס! דאס! ווארען ק ווארען  
[ווארען ווארען ווארען].

דו למתן ק' יא טז ד [חורח] גיג'ה  
מלא ר סון מליכונ קו אמרמר ז'  
[ו. חזק' עס' ק' ג' אט' ק' צ' ב' נ']

[illegible]

team of oxen is drawing the new lion to the Coliseum. You clear the road.

CENTURION. What! Go in after you in your dust,  
with half the town at the heels of you and your  
lion! Not likely. We go first.

THE OX DRIVER. The menagerie service is the Emperor's personal retinue. You clear out, I tell you.

CENTURION. You tell me, do you? Well, I'll tell you something. If the lion is menagerie service, the lion's dinner is menagerie service too. This [*pointing to the Christians*] is the lion's dinner. So back with you to your bullocks double quick; and learn your place. March. [*The soldiers start*]. Now then, you Christians: step out there.

LAVINIA [*marching*] Come along, the rest of the dinner. I shall be the olives and anchovies.

ANOTHER CHRISTIAN [*laughing*] I shall be the  
soup.

ANOTHER. I shall be the fish.

ANOTHER. Ferrovius shall be the roast boar.

FERROVIUS [*heavily*] I see the joke. Yes, yes: I shall be the roast boar. Ha! ha! [*He laughs conscientiously and marches out with them*].

ANDROCLES [*following*] I shall be the mince pie.  
[*Each announcement is received with a louder laugh by all the rest as the joke catches on*].

CENTURION [*scandalized*] Silence! Have some sense of your situation. Is this the way for martyrs to behave? [*To Spintho, who is quaking and loitering*] I know what you'll be at that



# רודא ק רזחזחזח

זש קזדז [זש]. אדורו ק יז א' א' חזו  
[לזחז ואזחז].

דן 1 זוז ז'ד: א'לזחזחז א' ז'ז.

א' וז 1 פ' א' רזחזחז. א'לזחזחז.  
ז'ז.

א'לזחזחז ק. א'לזחזחז חזלזחז ק חזלזחז ז'ז  
א' ז'דז חזלזחז ז'זחז ז' קוז חזלזחז ז' לזחז  
[ז'ז א'לזחזחז ק א'זחז ז'זחז, ז'ז א' רודא ק].

# ANDROCLES AND THE LION

dinner. Youll be the emetic. [*He shoves him rudely along*].

SPINTHO. It's too dreadful: I'm not fit to die.

CENTURION. Fitter than you are to live, you swine.

*They pass from the square westward. The oxen, drawing a waggon with a great wooden cage and the lion in it, arrive through the central arch.*







[illegible]

כרסלור. איך קען ער דאס זאגן?

ՏՈՒԾՈ. ԱՏ, Ս Գ ԿԻՐԵ ԽԱ ԼԱ ՔԾ  
ՅԵՄ.

ק. וואס האט דאס געמאכט?  
 א. וואס האט דאס געמאכט?  
 ק. וואס האט דאס געמאכט?  
 א. וואס האט דאס געמאכט?  
 ק. וואס האט דאס געמאכט?  
 א. וואס האט דאס געמאכט?  
 ק. וואס האט דאס געמאכט?  
 א. וואס האט דאס געמאכט?

Σημδο. 7 021 -

የ ህዝቧ [ፎላክሎር] እ ዕን! ጸሐ  
ፎካል ሥነ እ ዕለት? ሠ'ር ከ ፊር ዳር ጋር  
አን).

שולחן [הוא קודם דבר וזוהי חסד].

ԵՐԽՈՐ. ՔԱ Դ ՆՈՒՄ ԿՐ ԸՁ ԸՆՆՈՒ 7Տ  
ՆՐ ԸՆՆՈՒՆԴ?

[illegible]

כרפולר. 172 ר שכולל פסוק אחד?

ק לאלו. ו, וא: ה' חזק וזרז ד' וזרז  
ו' וזרז וזרז וזרז וזרז וזרז וזרז וזרז  
ו' וזרז וזרז וזרז וזרז וזרז וזרז וזרז

[illegible]

*gladiator with the helmet puts it on; and the two go into the arena, the net thrower taking out a little brush and arranging his hair as he goes, the other tightening his straps and shaking his shoulders loose. Both look at themselves in the mirrors before they enter the passage.*

LAVINIA. Will they really kill one another?

SPINTHO. Yes, if the people turn down their thumbs.

THE EDITOR. You know nothing about it. The people indeed! Do you suppose we would kill a man worth perhaps fifty talents to please the riffraff? I should like to catch any of my men at it.

SPINTHO. I thought —

THE EDITOR [*contemptuously*] You thought! Who cares what you think? You'll be killed all right enough.

SPINTHO [*groans and again hides his face*]!!!

LAVINIA. Then is nobody ever killed except us poor Christians?

THE EDITOR. If the vestal virgins turn down their thumbs, thats another matter. Theyre ladies of rank.

LAVINIA. Does the Emperor ever interfere?

THE EDITOR. Oh, yes: he turns his thumb up fast enough if the vestal virgins want to have one of his pet fighting men killed.

ANDROCLES. But dont they ever just only pretend to kill one another? Why shouldnt you pretend to die, and get dragged out as if you were







[illegible]

רמז! רמז! רמז! רמז! רמז!

[illegible][illegible]

10. תלמידים [מבין / ארץ / קו] לוקח סדר  
שלולית ע'ד.

אָס אַרבעט. און אַרבעט! און אַרבעט!

[illegible]

ד' תרמ"א. אע, לו א'תתן 1 ד' ת' 1  
ד' ת' 1 א'תתן 1 ד' ת' 1  
ד' ת' 1 א'תתן 1 ד' ת' 1

ANDROCLES [*scrambling up in the greatest agitation*] Oh, please dont say that. This is dreadful. You mean so kindly by me that it seems quite horrible to disoblige you. If you could arrange for me to sacrifice when theres nobody looking, I shouldnt mind. But I must go into the arena with the rest. My honor, you know.

THE EDITOR. Honor! The honor of a tailor?

ANDROCLES [*apologetically*] Well, perhaps honor is too strong an expression. Still, you know, I couldnt allow the tailors to get a bad name through me.

THE EDITOR. How much will you remember of all that when you smell the beast's breath and see his jaws opening to tear out your throat?

SPINTHO [*rising with a yell of terror*] I cant bear it.  
Wheres the altar? I'll sacrifice.

FERROVIUS. Dog of an apostate. Iscariot!

SPINTHO. I'll repent afterwards. I fully mean to die in the arena: I'll die a martyr and go to heaven; but not this time, not now, not until my nerves are better. Besides, I'm too young: I want to have just one more good time. [*The gladiators laugh at him*]. Oh, will no one tell me where the altar is? [*He dashes into the passage and vanishes*].

ANDROCLES [*to the Editor, pointing after Spintho*]  
 Brother: I cant do that, not even to oblige you.  
 Dont ask me.

THE EDITOR. Well, if youre determined to die, I cant help you. But I wouldnt be put off by a swine like that.







סדנא דמלכותא. דא סגנא דמלכותא דא סגנא דמלכותא  
דא סגנא דמלכותא.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

וְאֵלֶּיךָ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ! וְאֵלֶּיךָ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ!  
וְאֵלֶּיךָ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ!

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[illegible]

*highly amused. All speak or cry out or laugh at once. Tumult.*

LAVINIA. Oh, poor wretch! FERROVIUS. The apostate has perished. Praise be to God's justice! ANDROCLES. The poor beast was starving. It couldn't help itself. THE CHRISTIANS. What! Ate him! How frightful! How terrible! Without a moment to repent! God be merciful to him, a sinner! Oh, I can't bear to think of it! In the midst of his sin! Horrible, horrible! THE EDITOR. Serve the rotter right! THE GLADIATORS. Just walked into it, he did. He's martyred all right enough. Good old lion! Old Jock doesn't like that: look at his face. Devil a better! The Emperor will laugh when he hears of it. I can't help smiling. Ha ha ha!!!!

THE KEEPER. Now his appetite's taken off, he wont as much as look at another Christian for a week.

ANDROCLES. Couldnt you have saved him, brother?  
THE KEEPER. Saved him! Saved him from a lion  
that I'd just got mad with hunger! a wild one  
that came out of the forest not four weeks ago!  
He bolted him before you could say Balbus.

LAVINIA [*sitting down again*] Poor Spintho! And it  
wont even count as martyrdom!

THE KEEPER. Serve him right! What call had he to walk down the throat of one of my lions before he was asked?

ANDROCLES. Perhaps the lion wont eat me now.

THE KEEPER. Yes: thats just like a Christian: think only of yourself! What am *I* to do? What am I to



דע 1 פ מוחל אן די זיך /אן פ דער  
 עולם אין פ מוחל די?

רצח סוף חן וחסדך. ש' עולה.  
לך 1 לך פ' נשבעת ו' גמולין  
[משנה].

— [71] ; 1 א טל וקי מ'ס :א. מ'ה'ל'ה  
 א'ל'ה'ל'ה ! [71] ק'ס 1 [ל'א'ל'ה'ל'ה] ש'ל'ה'ל'ה  
 ו'ל'ה'ל'ה'ל'ה [ל'א'ל'ה'ל'ה] . מ'ה'ל'ה'ל'ה : א'ל'ה'ל'ה  
 ו'ל'ה'ל'ה'ל'ה ק'ס מ'ה'ל'ה'ל'ה . ק'ס מ'ה'ל'ה'ל'ה  
 א'ל'ה'ל'ה'ל'ה .

לד, גרונסולד פ וו קמול ממות. פ  
 קוע דן לסאר ו, למאמתי קין, לונטפול  
 [5/41].

թ չԵԼԻՄԻՆՈՂ. ՃԵԸ, ԿԻՆՈ! ԹՈՂ ՈՂԻ 1 ԼՂ  
ՏՐԵԼ ԹԿ.

שקל. וכן, קל.

אז, נעלוי פון קווארטער זאלן  
[דארטן און ווערן געבלייבן].

ԵՐԲԱՐ. ԼԵՏԻՁ, ՏԿՂԾ, Վ ԵՐԶԻՐԱՏ!

[אברהם פ' אגדה נדח א' לטו] חזק  
והוא נחמד על אברהם וזו חזק

[illegible]

ԲԱՆԵՐՏ. Ո՛ր խճահիշուք օրեր! Եւ Կ ՆՈՒ  
 ՆՈՒ, ԵՄԵՐ, ԹՅՈՒ Ք ՄՈՒՆ ԸՆ ԵՆ

אָוונט און נאָכט?

מלך. וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁמַע ה' אֶת-קוֹלְךָ, וְיִשְׁמַע ה' אֶת-קוֹלְךָ.  
וְיִשְׁמַע ה' אֶת-קוֹלְךָ.

Ե ժՈՏՈՐՆԶ. ԵՄԱ!

S420. 111111: W

18 ש76 וסוואטיו. קה' יחידה גוף וס סוס;  
קולט קט גוף אדומת 1 נכנסת קט

96

say to the Emperor when he sees one of my lions coming into the arena half asleep?

THE EDITOR. Say nothing. Give your old lion some bitters and a morsel of fried fish to wake up his appetite. [*Laughter*].

THE KEEPER. Yes: it's easy for you to talk; but –

THE EDITOR [*scrambling to his feet*] Sh! Attention there! The Emperor. [*The Keeper bolts precipitately into the passage. The gladiators rise smartly and form into line*].

*The Emperor enters on the Christians' side, conversing with Metellus, and followed by his suite.*

THE GLADIATORS. Hail, Caesar! those about to die salute thee.

CAESAR. Good morrow, friends.

*Metellus shakes hands with the Editor, who accepts his condescension with bluff respect.*

LAVINIA. Blessing, Caesar, and forgiveness!

CAESAR [*turning in some surprise at the salutation*]

There is no forgiveness for Christianity.

LAVINIA. I did not mean that, Caesar. I mean that we forgive you.

METELLUS. An inconceivable liberty! Do you not know, woman, that the Emperor can do no wrong and therefore cannot be forgiven?

LAVINIA. I expect the Emperor knows better.  
Anyhow, we forgive him.

THE CHRISTIANS. Amen!

CAESAR. Metellus: you see now the disadvantage of too much severity. These people have no hope; therefore they have nothing to restrain them







[illegible][illegible]

ՏԻՂՈՒ. Ե՛ւ լաւ լիւրք թէ՛ ք ճէշտը-  
 ճաւր թէ թէ Լի-ԴԼ՝ ա՛յ 1 Լի  
 յօ՛ւա՛լ, Խա՛ ք յօ՛ւա՛լ քոյ. ճաւր,  
 Դ՛ Կ Լիք. է՛ր: Ը՛ Դ՛ Ե՛ ք Ը՛.

ו שטח'ס. שטח'ס ק גאנצער זאך פ גר  
 פ אים מיט פ גר. וואס שטח'ס  
 וואס ו גאנצער פון גאנצער שטח'ס. זאגן  
 [לחנך שטח'ס. זאגן]

[illegible]

CAESAR. For that reason, perhaps, it might be as well to have him. An Emperor can hardly have too many consciences. [*To Ferrovius*] Listen, Ferrovius. [*Ferrovius shakes his head and will not look up*]. You and your friends shall not be outnumbered today in the arena. You shall have arms; and there will be no more than one gladiator to each Christian. If you come out of the arena alive, I will consider favorably any request of yours, and give you a place in the Pretorian Guard. Even if the request be that no questions be asked about your faith I shall perhaps not refuse it.

FERROVIUS. I will not fight. I will die. Better stand with the archangels than with the Pretorian Guard.

CAESAR. I cannot believe that the archangels – whoever they may be – would not prefer to be recruited from the Pretorian Guard. However, as you please. Come: let us see the show.

*As the Court ascends the steps, Secutor and Retiarius return from the arena through the passage: Secutor covered with dust and very angry: Retiarius grinning.*

SECUTOR. Ha, the Emperor. Now we shall see.  
Caesar: I ask you whether it is fair for the Retiarius, instead of making a fair throw of his net at me, to swish it along the ground and throw the dust in my eyes, and then catch me when I'm blinded. If the vestals had not turned up their thumbs I should have been a dead man.



ח לודגז ק חפ [חזקת ק ר חזקת] חזקת  
 ח לודגז ק חפ [חזקת ק ר חזקת]

לודגז חזקת [חזקת חזקת] חזקת  
 לודגז חזקת [חזקת חזקת]

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 חזקת [חזקת חזקת]

CAESAR [*halting on the stair*] There is nothing in the rules against it.

SECUTOR [*indignantly*] Caesar: is it a dirty trick or is it not?

CAESAR. It is a dusty one, my friend. [*Obsequious laughter*]. Be on your guard next time.

SECUTOR. Let him be on his guard. Next time I'll throw my sword at his heels and strangle him with his own net before he can hop off. [*To the Retiarius*] You see if I dont. [*He goes out past the gladiators, sulky and furious*].

CAESAR [*to the chuckling Retiarius*] These tricks are not wise, my friend. The audience likes to see a dead man in all his beauty and splendor. If you smudge his face and spoil his armor they will shew their displeasure by not letting you kill him. And when your turn comes, they will remember it against you and turn their thumbs down.

RETIARIUS. Perhaps that is why I did it, Caesar. He bet me ten sesterces that he would vanquish me. If I had had to kill him I should not have had the money.

CAESAR [*indulgent, laughing*] You rogues: there is no end to your tricks. I'll dismiss you all and have elephants to fight. They fight fairly. [*He goes up to his box, and knocks at it. It is opened from within by the Captain, who stands as on parade to let him pass*].

*The Call Boy comes from the passage, followed by three attendants carrying respectively a bundle of swords, some helmets, and some breastplates*















pride? [Conscience stricken] Oh, I'm steeped in sin. I'm proud of my pride.  
 LAVINIA. They say we Christians are the proudest devils on earth – that only the weak are meek. Oh, I am worse than you. I ought to send you to death; and I am tempting you.  
 ANDROCLES. Brother, brother: let them rage and kill: let us be brave and suffer. You must go as a lamb to the slaughter.  
 FERROVIUS. Aye, aye: that is right. Not as a lamb is slain by the butcher; but as a butcher might let himself be slain by a [looking at the Editor] by a silly ram whose head he could fetch off in one twist.  
 [Before the Editor can retort, the Call Boy rushes up through the passage, and the Captain comes from the Emperor's box and descends the steps.]  
 THE CALL BOY. In with you: into the arena. The stage is waiting.  
 THE CAPTAIN. The Emperor is waiting. [To the Editor] What are you dreaming of, man? Send your men in at once.  
 THE EDITOR. Yes, sir: it's these Christians hanging back.  
 FERROVIUS [in a voice of thunder] Liar!  
 THE EDITOR [not heeding him] March. [The gladiators told off to fight with the Christians march down the passage] Follow up there, you.  
 THE CHRISTIAN MEN AND WOMEN [as they part] Be steadfast, brother. Farewell. Hold up the faith, brother. Farewell. Go to glory, dearest. Farewell. Remember: we are praying for you.

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אויס. און שוין, פארשטו. אויס. און

Farewell. Be strong, brother. Farewell. Dont  
forget that the divine love and our love  
surround you. Farewell. Nothing can hurt you:  
remember that, brother. Farewell. Eternal  
glory, dearest. Farewell.

THE EDITOR [*out of patience*] Shove them in, there.

*The remaining gladiators and the Call Boy make  
a movement towards them.*

FERROVIUS [*interposing*] Touch them, dogs; and we  
die here, and cheat the heathen of their spec-  
tacle. [*To his fellow Christians*] Brothers:  
the great moment has come. That passage is your  
hill to Calvary. Mount it bravely, but meekly;  
and remember! not a word of reproach, not a  
blow nor a struggle. Go. [*They go out through  
the passage. He turns to Lavinia*] Farewell.

LAVINIA. You forget: I must follow before you are  
cold.

FERROVIUS. It is true. Do not envy me because I  
pass before you to glory. [*He goes through the  
passage*].

THE EDITOR [*to the Call Boy*] Sickening work, this.  
Why cant they all be thrown to the lions? It's  
not a man's job. [*He throws himself moodily  
into his chair*].

*The remaining gladiators go back to their former  
places indifferently. The Call Boy shrugs his  
shoulders and squats down at the entrance to the  
passage, near the Editor.*

*Lavinia and the Christian women sit down  
again, wrung with grief, some weeping silently,  
some praying, some calm and steadfast. Androcles*



קצת ארוך ק. ואל ג'מורזי. ואל אן אל  
[אסמאל'ע ש'ע לזכר, קצת ק ו  
ו, ואל 1 ואל ד' ז'ע ג'ע. ג'ע  
ו. ד'ע ג'ע ד' ג'ע א'ע ואל ואל  
[אסמאל'ע ש'ע לזכר, קצת ק ו  
ו, ואל 1 ואל ד' ז'ע ג'ע. ג'ע  
ו. ד'ע ג'ע ד' ג'ע א'ע ואל ואל

ԴՆԵՐԵՆԴ. ԼՕՒՈՒ ԺՈՒՃ ԵՄ, ՏԻՏԻՈՒ. ԺՈՒՃ ԵՄ  
ԿՈՏԵԼ. ՔՈՒ ՄԵ ԷՈՒ ԿՈ ՃՈՒ ՆՈՒ.

[illegible]

צפון [שמות: 4 חלוקה חזרה  
הוא וכן, חלוקה חזרה?  
הוא וכן 1 4 4 4?

ק' חולד [ד'תש"ז 1 חס דל] ד נ נ ו, חל  
/יו ק' חולד, חסחח.

[illegible]

Երբ որ արհեստագործը հարկում է  
 և 1 մ 10 թմբ, և 1 մ 10 թմբ  
 1 մ 10 թմբ.

[illegible]

*sits down at Lavinia's feet. The Captain stands on the stairs, watching her curiously.*

ANDROCLES. I'm glad I havnt to fight. That would really be an awful martyrdom. I am lucky.

LAVINIA [*looking at him with a pang of remorse*]  
 Androcles: burn the incense: youll be forgiven.  
 Let my death atone for both. I feel as if I were  
 killing you.

ANDROCLES. Dont think of me, sister. Think of yourself. That will keep your heart up.

*The Captain laughs sardonically.*

LAVINIA [*startled: she had forgotten his presence*] Are you there, handsome Captain? Have you come to see me die?

THE CAPTAIN [*coming to her side*] I am on duty  
with the Emperor, Lavinia.

LAVINIA. Is it part of your duty to laugh at us?

THE CAPTAIN. No: that is part of my private pleasure. Your friend here is a humorist. I laughed at his telling you to think of yourself to keep up your heart. *I* say, think of yourself and burn the incense.

LAVINIA. He is not a humorist: he was right. You ought to know that, Captain: you have been face to face with death.

THE CAPTAIN. Not with certain death, Lavinia. Only death in battle, which spares more men than death in bed. What you are facing is certain death. You have nothing left now but your faith in this craze of yours: this Christianity. Are your Christian fairy stories any truer than our stories about Jupiter and Diana, in which, I may tell







[illegible]

የ ርኅህረ. [71] ነፃ ለ1?

לומדו של ש"ן או לו. וס. וס. ד. מורפור.  
 1 מרס 1א ין מ/ן או, 1 (לח) מרס  
 יק. של דן 1 לוסק ש"ד ללוד ד. של דן  
 של דן 1 (לח) מרס ק. לא לומדו

Թ ճոխը. ու ի՞նչ?

ԵՐԽՈՐ. ԴՆ Դ Ս ՔՄ, ԸՆՈՐ, Դ ՆԵ  
ԼԿ ԶԵՂ ԷՄՏԱՐԶ.

Թ ընդհանուր. Կարգում: ընդ և 1 օձ. լիս  
 Թ ունան և օձ Կ.

ԵՐԵՄԻԱ. ճանճես ժողով: Դու և մոտ  
 Կ ընդ թագ թագ Կ ընդ թագ  
 Կ ընդ թագ: Տեղ թագ թագ թագ  
 Կ ընդ թագ. Կ ընդ թագ. Կ ընդ թագ 1 Կ  
 Կ ընդ թագ:

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

לאין קוץ פ טן ק חלום געבט מחלות ק]  
 א.א.א.א.א. ק א שר א קמור ו, ואונקל  
 גמאדאנאק ק ו, גן אדא ק, טלוי ק  
 [171 פס 1 לונד]

I have now no doubt at all that I must die for something greater than dreams or stories.

THE CAPTAIN. But for what?

LAVINIA. I dont know. If it were for anything small enough to know, it would be too small to die for. I think I'm going to die for God. Nothing else is real enough to die for.

THE CAPTAIN. What is God?

LAVINIA. When we know that, Captain, we shall  
be gods ourselves.

THE CAPTAIN. Lavinia: come down to earth. Burn  
the incense and marry me.

LAVINIA. Handsome Captain; would you marry me if I hauled down the flag in the day of battle and burnt the incense? Sons take after their mothers, you know. Do you want your son to be a coward?

THE CAPTAIN [*strongly moved*] By great Diana, I think I would strangle you if you gave in now.

LAVINIA [*putting her hand on the head of Androcles*]  
The hand of God is on us three, Captain.

THE CAPTAIN. What nonsense it all is! And what a monstrous thing that you should die for such nonsense, and that I should look on helplessly when my whole soul cries out against it! Die then if you must; but at least I can cut the Emperor's throat and then my own when I see your blood.

*The Emperor throws open the door of his box angrily, and appears in wrath on the threshold. The Editor, the Call Boy, and the gladiators spring to their feet.*



ו; ודל ווא און גרויסעס פ. **חמור** פ  
 לעב 1 וד דען פס ויג וואל געט מא  
 ג. לעצט פ פון סאל ויג צו פ'ו. ט.  
 וו אד קלענע גן אד פ. [וון פ על טא.  
 אט ווא און ויג לו. [וון פ על זעל ווא פ  
 אד קו ווא פ. גרעס ווא פ וואן, ט.  
 אד פ פאן וואן קעטלע געטלע. **חמור**  
 ט. פ קעטלע.

למנוחה וזו תהיה קוץ גטולוכ בן דליה ק  
כדכ סח קר. וזהו זלוונד, לילי רילדנדוי.  
[מינה ק מזה קולנר ק ריא]

ערפון [לזכר] ו, קרן קרן. לא קר  
לא דוד קרן / קרן קרן?

[illegible]

ר' אברהם. אר'ס 71 ו?

ԵՐԲԱՐ [1 Թ ԸՆԴՐԱ] ԴՈՒ ՃՆՆ ՃՆԱԿ, ԼԱ  
 Ա ՍԻՋԸ?

թ ժողով. Ի՞նչ ծախսեր? Ի՞նչ ծախսեր  
 ԲԱ, Դ ծախսեր:

בזמנו ר' אבנר א' [למדן] זצ"ל  
!!! [גד קוץ לומדע א מנוח קוץ לומדע]

THE EMPEROR. The Christians will not fight; and your curs cannot get their blood up to attack them. It's all that fellow with the blazing eyes. Send for the whip. [*The Call Boy rushes out on the east side for the whip*]. If that will not move them, bring the hot irons. The man is like a mountain. [*He returns angrily into the box and slams the door*].

*The Call Boy returns with a man in a hideous Etruscan mask, carrying a whip. They both rush down the passage into the arena.*

LAVINIA [*rising*] Oh, that is unworthy. Can they not kill him without dishonoring him?

ANDROCLES [*scrambling to his feet and running into the middle of the space between the staircase*] It's dreadful. Now *I* want to fight. I cant bear the sight of a whip. The only time I ever hit a man was when he lashed an old horse with a whip. It was terrible: I danced on his face when he was on the ground. He mustnt strike Ferrovius: I'll go into the arena and kill him first. [*He makes a wild dash into the passage. As he does so a great clamor is heard from the arena, ending in wild applause. The gladiators listen and look inquiringly at one another*].

THE EDITOR. Whats up now?

LAVINIA [*to the Captain*] What has happened, do you think?

THE CAPTAIN. What can happen? They are killing them, I suppose.

ANDROCLES [*running in through the passage, screaming with horror and hiding his eyes*]!!!



אנדרוקלס. אונדזערע, אונדזערע: וואס איז דאס?  
אנדרוקלס. און וואס זאגסטו, און וואס זאגסטו. שטע-  
לעך און און און. און! [He crouches by her and  
hides his face in her robe, sobbing].

דער קאל בוי [rushing through from the passage as  
before] Ropes and hooks there! Ropes and hooks!

דער עדיטאר. וועל, נעמסטו דאך אונדז און אונדז  
און? [Another burst of applause].

Two slaves in Etruscan masks, with ropes and  
drag hooks, hurry in.

און פון די שטארקע. און און און?

דער קאל בוי. Six. [The slave blows a whistle  
twice; and four more masked slaves rush through  
into the arena with the same apparatus] And the  
basket. Bring the baskets [The slave whistles  
three times, and runs through the passage with his  
companion].

דער קאל בוי. און און און?

דער קאל בוי. און און און. און און און. [Lavinia  
hides her face].

Two more masked slaves come in with a basket  
and follow the others into the arena, as the Call  
Boy turns to the gladiators and exclaims,  
exhausted] Boys: he's killed the lot.

דער עמפעראר [again bursting from his box, this  
time in an ecstasy of delight] Where is he?  
Magnificent! He shall have a laurel crown.

[Ferrovius, madly waving his bloodstained  
sword, rushes through the passage in despair,  
followed by his co-religionists, and by the Menagerie

LAVINIA. Androcles, Androcles: whats the matter?

ANDROCLES. Oh dont ask me, dont ask me. Some-  
thing too dreadful. Oh! [He crouches by her and  
hides his face in her robe, sobbing].

THE CALL BOY [rushing through from the passage as  
before] Ropes and hooks there! Ropes and hooks!

THE EDITOR. Well, need you excite yourself about  
it? [Another burst of applause].

Two slaves in Etruscan masks, with ropes and  
drag hooks, hurry in.

ONE OF THE SLAVES. How many dead?

THE CALL BOY. Six. [The slave blows a whistle  
twice; and four more masked slaves rush through  
into the arena with the same apparatus] And the  
basket. Bring the baskets [The slave whistles  
three times, and runs through the passage with his  
companion].

THE CAPTAIN. Who are the baskets for?

THE CALL BOY. For the whip. He's in pieces.  
Theyre all in pieces, more or less. [Lavinia  
hides her face].

Two more masked slaves come in with a basket  
and follow the others into the arena, as the Call  
Boy turns to the gladiators and exclaims,  
exhausted] Boys: he's killed the lot.

THE EMPEROR [again bursting from his box, this  
time in an ecstasy of delight] Where is he?  
Magnificent! He shall have a laurel crown.

Ferrovius, madly waving his bloodstained  
sword, rushes through the passage in despair,  
followed by his co-religionists, and by the Menagerie











אמר דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
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 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]

דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]  
 דוד ורבי יצחק [לדוד] ורבי יצחק [לדוד]

ANDROCLES [*rising, and pulling himself sadly together*] Well, it was to be, after all.

LAVINIA. I'll go in his place, Caesar. Ask the Captain whether they do not like best to see a woman torn to pieces. He told me so yesterday.

THE EMPEROR. There is something in that: there is certainly something in that – if only I could feel sure that your brother would not fret.

ANDROCLES. No: I should never have another happy hour. No: on the faith of a Christian and the honor of a tailor, I accept the lot that has fallen on me. If my wife turns up, give her my love and say that my wish was that she should be happy with her next, poor fellow! Caesar: go to your box and see how a tailor can die. Make way for number twelve there. [*He marches out along the passage*].

*The vast audience in the amphitheatre now sees the Emperor re-enter his box and take his place as Androcles, desperately frightened, but still marching with piteous devotion, emerges from the other end of the passage, and finds himself at the focus of thousands of eager eyes. The lion's cage, with a heavy portcullis grating, is on his left. The Emperor gives a signal. A gong sounds. Androcles shivers at the sound; then falls on his knees and prays. The grating rises with a clash. The lion bounds into the arena. He rushes round frisking in his freedom. He sees Androcles. He stops; rises stiffly by straightening his legs; stretches out his nose forward and his tail in a horizontal line behind, like a pointer, and utters*















פ' חטאת ופ' חטאת ופ' חטאת ופ' חטאת ופ' חטאת  
 ופ' חטאת ופ' חטאת ופ' חטאת ופ' חטאת ופ' חטאת

[illegible][illegible]

זוע וו מ׳ס קאסן און ס׳קלעך ריכט  
מקדור וואו מ׳ס קאסן זיען שולעך, און  
[קאסן זיען שולעך וואו אונזער]

[illegible][illegible]

ጊዜው ሲገባ፡ ወ፡ ስህ፡ ጽ፡ ገላ ለላ ለላ ስህ፡  
የ ስህ፡ 1 ለ ስህ፡

የ ሆከኩ. ለዚህ ስራ ስለሆነ ለሆነ ሆኖ. ለሆነ ሆኖ  
ይህ የ ሆከኩ ለ ሆከኩ ሆኖ. ለ ሆከኩ ሆኖ,  
ይህ ሆከኩ?

ԽԱՆՐԸԿՂ. Ը/Դ1 ՏԵՂ Կ, ՏԾ.

רע! פה, און [אויסדארטן] און און  
 און און און און און און און  
 און און און און און און און און

alive for daring to touch the divine person of the Emperor. [*The lion growls*].

ANDROCLES. Oh dont talk like that, sir. He understands every word you say: all animals do: they take it from the tone of your voice. [*The lion growls and lashes his tail*]. I think he's going to spring at your worship. If you wouldnt mind saying something affectionate. [*The lion roars*].

THE EMPEROR [*shaking Androcles's hand frantically*] My dearest Mr Androcles, my sweetest friend, my long lost brother, come to my arms. [*He embraces Androcles*] Oh, what an abominable smell of garlic!

*The lion lets go the robe and rolls over on his back, clasping his forepaws over one another coquettishly above his nose.*

ANDROCLES. There! You see, your worship, a child might play with him now. See! [*He tickles the lion's belly. The lion wriggles ecstatically*]. Come and pet him.

THE EMPEROR. I must conquer these unkingly  
 terrors. Mind you dont go away from him,  
 though. [*He pats the lion's chest*].

ANDROCLES. Oh, sir, how few men would have the courage to do that!

THE EMPEROR. Yes: it takes a bit of nerve. Let us have the Court in and frighten them. Is he safe, do you think?

ANDROCLES. Quite safe now, sir.

THE EMPEROR [*majestically*] What ho, there! All  
who are within hearing, return without fear.  
Caesar has tamed the lion. [*All the fugitives steal*



[illegible]

פ' שמואל. דע רש"י פ' ורואהו נאך  
ז?

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

*cautiously in. The Menagerie Keeper comes from the passage with other keepers armed with iron bars and tridents]. Take those things away. I have subdued the beast. [He places his foot on it].*

FERROVIUS [*timidly approaching the Emperor and looking down with awe on the lion*] It is strange that I, who fear no man, should fear a lion.

THE CAPTAIN. Every man fears something, Ferrovius.

THE EMPEROR. How about the Pretorian Guard now?

FERROVIUS. In my youth I worshipped Mars, the God of War. I turned from him to serve the Christian god; but today the Christian god forsook me; and Mars overcame me and took back his own. The Christian god is not yet. He will come when Mars and I are dust; but meanwhile I must serve the gods that are, not the God that will be. Until then I accept service in the Guard, Caesar.

THE EMPEROR. Very wisely said. All really sensible men agree that the prudent course is to be neither bigoted in our attachment to the old nor rash and unpractical in keeping an open mind for the new, but to make the best of both dispensations.

THE CAPTAIN. What do you say, Lavinia? Will you too be prudent?

LAVINIA [*on the stairs*] No: I'll strive for the coming of the God who is not yet.

THE CAPTAIN. May I come and argue with you occasionally?







## NOTES ON THE SPELLING

THE 'transliteration' was spelt in accordance with certain guiding principles that had to be laid down in advance. Though it is claimed that the decisions taken were wise ones, there is nothing binding about the resultant spellings; it is merely proposed that the spellings here shown be looked upon as standard, unless and until others come to be widely preferred, and when good reasons can be found for making a change.

(1) It is desirable that a given word should appear always in a given spelling and not vary from time to time. (This does not preclude individual writers from regularly using some spellings that differ from those in *Androcles*; it merely recommends consistency.)

(2) It follows from (1) above that a choice of possible spellings has to be made in the case of those very common short words that are differently pronounced at different times by one speaker – those having what are called 'strong and weak forms'. The decision was taken in principle to spell such words with their fullest pronunciation (since reduced forms can always be derived from fuller ones, whereas the converse is not possible). For the two kinds of exception to this, see (3) and (4) below.

(3) WORD-SIGNS. The design chosen to be the Shaw Alphabet has the characteristic feature incorporated in it of four 'word-signs' for the four most frequently occurring words of the language – *the*, *of*, *and*, *to* (it is estimated that one word in six is either *the* or *of* or *and* or *to*). These word-signs each consist of a single letter – that for the single sounds of *th*, *v*, *n*, and *t* respectively. The word-signs save valuable time and space.

(4) THE INDEFINITE ARTICLES. The words *a*, *an*



are here transliterated *not* to rhyme with *day*, *Ann* (which would be their 'fuller' pronunciation), but with the central, neutral, or shwa vowel actually heard in 'a man', 'another'. This has the advantage that the two words *a*, *an* can then be spelt with the same vowel – which would not otherwise be the case. Moreover, the 'fuller' pronunciation of these two words is hardly ever used. This constitutes the second exception to the principle in (2) above.

(5) Many English words have alternative pronunciations, each speaker generally using one of them consistently, e.g. *azure*, *subsidence*, *acoustic*, *controversy*, *laboratory*, and countless others. Clearly, the principle in (1) above required that a choice be made. In general, individuals are of course at liberty to spell in conformity with their own pronunciation. Alternative standard spellings of such words are likely to emerge; but until they do, the spellings in *Androcles* may be taken as standard.

(6) It is obvious that the spellings in *Androcles* will fit the speech of some English-speaking people better than others. Nevertheless, it is claimed that none will find it hard to read from the spellings shown, i.e., to get the meaning from the printed page. It is to enable the greatest number of people to read from the spellings easily that words are in general written out in their fullest form (see (1) above), especially since most readers of Shavian are already readers of English in Roman letters, and since this will be their first experience of reading English in the new script.

(7) It is for the reasons given in (1) and (6) above that the letter R is transliterated wherever it now occurs in Roman. The non-pronunciation of R in certain positions, which is characteristic of certain types of English speech, can easily be inferred from the spellings shown here – as

it is now from our traditional orthography; but it would not be possible to deduce the pronunciation of R from a spelling which did not show it. Here again, the fuller form of words is the one shown, thus incidentally making the transliterated spellings more acceptable to, because conforming more closely to the speech of, a much larger number of speakers of English in all parts of the world.

(8) Even so, the spellings in *Androcles*, while not committing anyone to specific *qualities* of sound (since each reader will read his own qualities, e.g. of vowel sound, into each different letter), do nevertheless commit to a particular *distribution* of sounds, and this distribution may be at variance with the usage of different speakers, not only with respect to the alternative pronunciations within a given type of English (see (5) above), but as between the usage in the various areas of the English-speaking world. It is probable that, for example, American writers would favour other spellings in a number of instances, and that therefore further alternative spellings of some words will emerge. These are not likely to interfere greatly with the intelligibility of a text. It is in any case fitting that this first publication in an alphabet constructed in accordance with Shaw's wishes should show spellings in conformity with the kind of pronunciation he thought should be represented.

NOTE: It would be possible to extend the number of word-signs beyond the four provided for in the design. Thus, common words such as the following could regularly be spelt with a single consonant (the corresponding Roman letter is shown in brackets after each word): *for* (f), *be* (b), *with* (w), *he* (h), *are* (r), *so* (s), *do* (d). Further economies could be made by writing other common words with *two* letters, omitting the vowel between



initial and final consonants, e.g., *that* (tht), *was* (wz), *have* (hv), *not* (nt), *this* (ths), *but* (bt), *from* (fm), *had* (hd), *has* (hz), *been* (bn), *were* (wr), and so on. If such spellings became standardized, these invariable written forms would stand equally well for strong and weak forms in pronunciation, each reader supplying whichever he found appropriate in the context (which is what he does now). Naturally, it would always remain possible for a writer to indicate, by spelling out in full, any particular form he wished – to avoid ambiguity, or for the sake of emphasis, or in order to specify, for example in stage dialogue, some particular reading. For the reasons given in (6) above, *Androcles* has been transliterated without any abbreviations save those mentioned in (3) above. It is possible, however, that other abbreviations would come into use for private purposes but not for printing; it is also possible that some might come to be adopted in print as well.

PETER MAC CARTHY

The University  
Leeds  
1962

## SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

1. While learning to form the letters, write larger than usual. Once their shapes are thoroughly mastered, letters will be written fast without undue distortion.

A sheet of guide-lines can be inserted beneath your writing paper if you need them.

2. Use pencil, or a ball-point pen, or a nib pen giving only slight variation of stroke-thickness. Test your pen and your size of writing on the eight small-curve letters **out** to **err**. If your pen is too broad to write these clearly, either change it or write larger.

3. Cultivate an upright rather than a sloping handwriting. It will be more like printed letterpress and more distinguishable.

4. Make Tall and Deep letters about twice the height of Shorts, to allow for the inexactitudes of free handwriting.

5. Leave ample space between words. Write the letters of each word closely together. Avoid linking letters unnaturally.

There is no need to link letters at all. But it frequently happens that the end of one letter naturally runs into the beginning of another; and the alphabet is so designed that this cannot produce alternative readings.

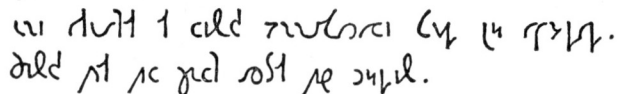
Junctions or links can occur only along one of the double guide-lines (used or imagined) within which Short letters are written. No links are permissible



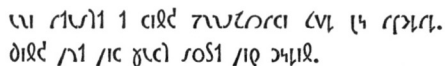
## SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

between the guide-lines, nor above them, nor beneath them.

Fast writers are likely to make such natural junctions as these:



– in which it is easy to recognize these separate letters, and no others:



6. Be sure to distinguish properly between these Short letters:



7. While taking care, avoid over-anxiety. Avoid cramped fingers and heavy pressure of pen on paper. Only with a light touch will you write well, freely, and fast. As soon as hand or brain is fatigued, take a rest.

Little and often – but very often; that is the way to practise. You can practise on a newspaper's margin as happily as doing its crosswords. Earnest practice for a single week enables one to write with assurance if not with speed. You will be surprised at the brevity and simplicity of Shavian writing.

8. Re-read your practice writing. Learn by your own writing and spelling slips. Make sure that a reader would not hesitate.
9. If you have already learnt to read this book's Shavian pages without reference to any key, you will have no difficulty in spelling when you write.
10. This is a good first exercise in spelling and writing: From the Writers' Alphabet take the first pair of

## SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

letters (consonants) and, from its righthand column, the first three pairs (vowels). Write down all the words these will make. A few minutes will show you how simple spelling is, and you will have mastered once for all the shapes of eight letters.

11. You can be perfectly understood without spelling quite 'like a book'. We shall all tend to spell words as we see them printed; but nobody should complain so long as spelling is intelligible. *To communicate* – more easily, sensibly, economically – is the whole purpose of Shavian writing.
12. Mutual encouragement helps. Interest yourself and fellow writers by joining an 'ever-circulator' as page 15 invites you to do. It is the way to get sufficient reading as well as writing practice. Have a shot at it; and good luck!

KINGSLEY READ

Abbots Morton  
Worcester  
1962



## The Shaw Alphabet for Writers

Double lines \_ between pairs show the relative height of Talls, Deeps, and Shorts. Wherever possible, finish letters rightwards; those starred \* will be written upwards. Also see heading and footnotes overleaf.

	Tall	Deep		Short	Short
peep	l	=	l	bib	
tot	1	=	l	dead	
kick	d	=	p	gag	
fee	J	=	r	vow	
thigh	ð	=	q	they	
so	S	=	z	zoo	
sure	L	=	7	meaSure	
church	č	=	ʒ	judge	
yea	\	=	/	*woe	
hung	h	=	ɣ	ha-ha	
	Short	Short			
loll	C	=	o	roar	
mime*	s	=	ʎ	nun	
					Tall
if	I	=	h	eat	
egg	ʌ	=	ɛ	age	
ash*	J	=	ʒ	ice	
ado*	r	=	ʒ	up	
on	ʌ	=	o	oak	
wool	V	=	ʌ	ooze	
out	ʌ	=	ʒ	oil	
ah*	ɣ	=	ʒ	awe	
are	ɔ	=	ʒ	or	
air	ʌ	=	ʒ	err	
array	ʌ	=	ʒ	ear	
					Tall
Ian	r	=	h	yew	

## The Shaw Alphabet Reading Key

The letters are classified as Tall, Deep, Short, and Compound. Beneath each letter is its full name: its *sound* is shown in **bold** type.

Tall: **1** **1** **d** **J** **d** **fee** **kick** **tot** **peep** **thigh** **so** **sure** **church** **yea** **hung**

Deep: **l** **l** **p** **f** **r** **gag** **vow** **they** **zoo** **measure** **judge** **woe** **ha-ha**

Short: **c** **s** **l** **l** **if** **egg** **ash** **ado** **on** **wool** **out** **ah**

Compound: **roar** **nun** **eat** **age** **ice** **up** **oak** **ooze** **oil** **awe**

Compound: **are** **or** **air** **err** **array** **ear** **lan** **yew**

The four most frequent words are represented by single letters: the  $\phi$ , of  $\phi$ , and  $\psi$ , to  $\psi$ .

Proper names may be distinguished by a preceding 'Namer' dot: e.g. 𐤎𐤍𐤏, Rome.

Punctuation and numerals are unchanged. Learn the alphabet *in pairs*, as listed for Writers overleaf.